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ART. I. — *Arundines Cami, sive Musarum Cantabrigiensium Lusus Canori*. Collegit atque edidit HENRICUS DRURY, A. M. Cantabrigiæ. 1841. 8vo. pp. 261.

THIS is not only one of the handsomest, but one of the most entertaining volumes that we have lately received from England. Among the contributors to its pages are some of the best scholars of the old University of Cambridge. It consists of Greek and Latin translations, chiefly from the English poets, most of which are executed with much classical elegance. Many of them are humorous trifles, but the whole collection shows the exquisite skill possessed by members of the University in composition in the two principal languages of antiquity. The nicety and accuracy of English scholarship have always been famous; its comprehensiveness less so. A very exact verbal knowledge of Greek and Latin, and especially of the laws of metrical composition, has been considered indispensable to the education of an English gentleman. Hence we have seen eminent professional men filling up the intervals of their daily occupations by writing Latin and Greek verses, or translating into those tongues favorite passages from English authors. Illustrious statesmen console themselves under defeat, or speed the hours of retirement from political life, by constructing hexameters and pentameters. At the schools, boys are most laboriously

trained in this discipline ; prizes and honors are obtained by it at the University ; and the high places of the church are brilliant objects in the scholar's perspective, the steps to which are trochees, spondees, and anapæsts. Classical learning is thus preëminently esteemed in England. But it has rarely taken the comprehensive range over all the fields of antiquarian research, for which German scholarship, since the days of Wolf and Heyne, has been distinguished. The philologists of England have been too much inclined to spend their strength on minute points, and the mechanical structure of sentences and verses.

Mr. Porson was a striking example, both of the excellences and defects of his learned countrymen. His knowledge was profound, and ever ready to his hand. He had a memory that grasped every thing within its reach, and let nothing go. But he failed to enter as deeply as his German rivals into the poetical spirit of the great works he criticized, and contented himself with acute investigations of words and feet. He had at his command the mechanical principles of metrical structure, but failed to master the higher laws of rhythm. In his famous preface to *Hecuba*, he laid down a series of metrical rules, which were drawn from a limited number of examples ; but it frequently happened, that a dogged line of *Æschylus* or *Sophocles* contradicted the canon point-blank. Porson and his school got over such difficulties by altering the line, and not the canon ; as if the old poets never wrote without having a complicated system of prosodiacal rules at their fingers' ends, like the candidate hammering out his *Sapphics* for a college prize. And when Hermann, the greatest philologist and metrician of modern times, in *his* preface to *Hecuba*, pointed out, with many compliments to the learned Englishman, the limited and exclusive character of his system, and demonstrated its errors beyond any reasonable cavil or question, the gruff Professor replied with a doggrel version of a Greek Epigram, by an Etonian. The epigram is an imitation of these lines of Phocylides ;

*Καὶ τόδε Φωκυλίδεω· Λέριοι κακοί· οὐχ ὃ μὲν, ὅς δ' οὐ·
Πάντες, πλην Προκλέους· καὶ Προκλέης Λέριος.*

It runs thus ;

*Νήϊδες ἔστέ μέτρων, ὧ Τεύτονες· οὐχ ὃ μὲν, ὅς δ' οὐ·
Πάντες, πλην Ἑρμάννος· ὃ δ' Ἑρμάννος σφόδρα Τεύτων.*

And is thus *elegantly* rendered by Porson ;

“The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek ;
Not five in five score
But ninety-five more ;
All, save only Hermann ;
And Hermann 's a German.”

Those who know the comparative value of the services rendered to Greek studies by the English and the German scholars, have long smiled at the harmless vanity of the Professor and his metrical disciples. Hermann's investigations have entirely set aside the principles of the English school ; and, though many of his refined details have been rejected, still he is to be regarded as the great teacher of the laws of metre and rhythm.

The effects of this careful classical training on the minds of English scholars and statesmen are sufficiently obvious. Their writings and their spoken eloquence are marked by a degree of simple, manly taste, which is nowhere else to be found, except in the literature of the ancients. The English language is used by them with a neatness, propriety, exactness, and force, to which “the cheap extemporaneous rant” of most American legislators is a perfect stranger. And, above all, they have the art, — so utterly unknown to nine tenths of the “thrilling,” “irresistible,” “overwhelming” orators in our republic, — of stopping when they have done. They know how to find the point in question, and keep to it ; they are clear, vigorous, and logical. We do not mean to say, that they owe all this to their early skill in hexameters and pentameters. We know well, that a Latin or Greek prize man is not, of necessity, a master of that “harp of thousand strings,” the English language. A man may be able to put together faultlessly Greek and Latin verses, who cannot write a page in his mother tongue, without being laughed at ; and a man may, like Franklin, acquire by laborious practice a correct and elegant English style without the smallest assistance from Greek and Latin masters. But single examples prove nothing either way. The habits of mind acquired by studying accurately the elegancies of two such instruments of thought, as the languages of Greece and Rome ; that nice discrimination, which is for ever called in-

to exercise ; the constant comparisons and selections, which the mind is compelled to make, especially in composition in those languages, cannot fail to prove eminently favorable to correct thinking and writing when the same powers are wielded by another instrument, though so widely different from them as the Englishman's mother tongue.

It is true, on the other hand, that persons of no great intellectual powers have sometimes been remarkable for their skill in writing the dead languages. Men without the smallest spark of poetical genius have figured as brilliant authors of elegies, Sapphics, and so on, and received the applauses of listening *senatus academici*. And, from the very nature of the case, in such exercises the language must be an object of primary care, as a thing almost independent of the sentiment and thought. It would be difficult to find, probably, in productions of this sort by the most illustrious poets, many evidences of that creative genius which their native writings display. The "Africa" of Petrarch and the Latin poems of Milton at once occur as illustrations of this remark. Every original genius is bound, by cords he cannot break, to his mother tongue. Its words and forms of expression are intertwined with the very fibres of his intellectual being. His most subtle and peculiar associations, every thought that marks him as a distinct and self-dependent mind, is indissolubly interwoven with the tissue of the language he lisped in his infancy. Before he can freely use a foreign and dead language, he must take from his thoughts all that individualizes them ; he must reduce his conceptions to their simplest form ; in short, he must attempt to say only what everybody else may say with equal propriety.

Another consideration ought also to be taken into the account. Labor as we may upon the ancient languages, we cannot approach the style of the great masters. We should not like to submit a modern Sapphic to Sappho. We can imagine the smile of ridicule, that would pass over the lovely Lesbian's lips, as she read the faultless lines even of a Valentine Blomfield, with their perfectly adjusted trochees, spondee, and dactyles, and their unimpeachable Æolicisms. The most Ciceronian Latin of modern times would, it is likely, fall harshly on the ears of Cicero. Still the effort to imitate those great teachers of thought and style cannot be made without gaining a clearer perception of their beauties, and of

the profound principles on which their works are formed. A close investigation of the harmonies of style naturally prepares the mind to open itself to the deeper harmonies of thought. And the more carefully this is done, the nearer and more distinct will be the student's view of the transcendent excellences of those works, which the world has for many centuries united in admiring. We cannot write Greek prose like Xenophon, or poetry like Homer ; but, by the scrutinizing study of the exquisite structure of their language implied in attempting to imitate them, we come to understand them better and feel their beauties more sensibly. The judgment is exercised, the taste refined, and knowledge increased. We make the great authors of antiquity our own, and we attain a sense of literary beauty, which no other productions perhaps would have bestowed upon us. Not that we can ever relish the epics of Homer or the tragedies of Sophocles, like an ancient Greek. There is a skill in the native ear, that passes the comprehension of the duller organ of the foreign critic. A thousand readings of the *Antigone* will not bring to the perception of the closet scholar in modern times, all the delicate graces of its style, which every person in an Attic audience of thirty thousand men caught, the instant the actor's voice struck upon his senses. Many idiomatic arrangements of words, a thousand nameless touches of the master's native hand, on which, to a great extent, the mysterious effects of poetical works depend, must pass unheeded by the profoundest scholar's mind. Conjectural emendations by the ablest philologist are much more likely to mar than mend an exquisite original. Changing the order of a phrase, or the place of a word, or substituting one minute particle for another, may break a charm, which held enthralled the passions of listening thousands. How many flowers of grace in the *Odes* of Horace withered, for a time at least, under the rude touch of Bentley's daring hand. And perhaps we should never have known what the trouble with them was, had he not tried the same wanton treatment upon the "*Paradise Lost*" of Milton. Then, indeed, men saw the folly of trusting to modern skill, to restore the faded or injured beauties of an antique original.

But we have wandered a little from our subject. Classical studies, if pursued with proper views, are unquestionably the best means to train the manly mind to habits of accuracy

and of patient labor. They form the taste with greater certainty and to greater purity, than any other studies ; and composition in the classical languages, both in prose and verse, is a most important means towards the full accomplishment of all the useful results to which these studies are capable of leading ; not, as may well be supposed from what we have said above, with any prospect of rivalling the ancients in their own arts, or of acquiring a Greek or Latin style that would not strike a Greek or Roman as insufferably stiff and awkward, but to exercise the judgment and the taste, and to learn to comprehend more completely the mighty genius of antiquity.

To our shame it must be confessed, that classical studies have been pursued in the United States with little comparative success. We have individual scholars among us of distinguished acquisitions ; men who stand upon a level with the best scholars of Europe. A steady progress is making towards a better state of things in this respect. Schools are improving, books are multiplying, and college courses are becoming more complete. But we fear the great body of what are humorously called our educated men would make but a poor figure at present by the side of the corresponding classes in the other great civilized nations. We have no fear, however, that the defects in our hurried systems of public education will not in time work out their own remedy.

We have no idea, that American gentlemen will submit for ever to the imputation of inferiority in those intellectual accomplishments from which life borrows its grace and lustre ; or that they will consent to stand apart from those beautiful associations of scholarship, drawn from the common sources of ancient letters, which bind together the cultivated minds of all the European races into an intellectual brotherhood. But many of the prevailing vices of our society *might* be corrected more speedily than seems likely at present. Why should our young men be in such a hurry as they universally are, to rush into the business and professions of life ? Why should they not be content to pass two or three more years in filling their minds with the treasures of elegant literature ; with classical learning beyond the superficial courses of most American colleges ; with historical reading, and moral and intellectual philosophy ? No satisfactory reason

certainly can be assigned, except the temptations in the shape of rapidly accumulating wealth, or early notoriety, — those two monstrous cheats, those pernicious dreams, — οὐλοὶ ὄνειροι, — which lead astray so early into paths of toil and peril, the best intellects of the republic.

It requires only a sound public opinion to set this matter right ; and a sound public opinion can only spring from a right example set by the few who see and feel the wants of the country, and, seeing, dare to do what they can to supply them. The best educated men ought to look to the condition of our classical schools, and take care that their defects are not allowed to pass unscrutinized. We have some schools that would do honor to any country. The Boston Latin School, — raised to great eminence by a succession of able teachers, — has done more than any other institution of its kind in the country, to cherish among the young a love of classical learning. In that school, the foundation is deeply laid for the suitable education of a gentleman. There, no boy is allowed to hurry over the preparatory studies of his literary training, for the sake of getting through the work as if it were a necessary evil, and the sooner disposed of the better. But every thing is thoroughly learned, and in order. The elements of a classical education are properly understood and conscientiously taught, and not easily forgotten by the pupils. One thing, however, we have regretted, — the omission of late years to publish the prize compositions of the boys in Greek, Latin, and English, which formerly excited much interest in the literary community, and drew great attention at home and abroad, upon that school. Why this publication was given up, we have never been very clearly informed. If the movement was owing to one of those sudden spasms of economy, to which all public bodies are occasionally subjected, we can only say, that the palliative was applied at a very unlucky spot. That little annual pamphlet, besides the excellent effects it produced among the pupils of the Latin School, was a yearly reminder to the masters and pupils of other schools, of what could and ought to be done by the high-spirited boys, who were emulous of the pleasures and honors of literary acquisition ; it excited a generous ambition far beyond the circles for which it was more particularly designed. We hope the enlightened city of Boston will some time or other reconsider this matter ; her literary reputation

was more deeply interested in it, than those who have passed all their days within the sound of Boston bells have probably imagined. We say, then, let the publication be resumed.

The friends of classical learning ought also to look to the condition of our colleges. The establishment of prizes and honors for compositions in the classical languages would have the happiest influence in stimulating young men to an ardent pursuit of those studies. A few scholarships, — the expense of which would be trifling, — at our principal colleges, — just sufficient to give a modest support to their incumbents, and bestowed as a reward for distinguished attainments in the classics, — would be of immense importance in raising the standard of a learned education. To say that such things cannot be done here because this country is less ancient and less wealthy than other nations, is to talk nonsense. We have wealth enough for every other conceivable thing ; wealth enough to give expensive balls to youthful princes, when they set their royal feet upon our republican shores ; wealth enough to load our tables with the costliest luxuries from every foreign clime ; wealth enough to clothe our wives and daughters in showy fabrics from the looms of Europe, in gossamer tissues from the furthest Ind ; and can we do nothing to encourage the growing intellect of the country, and stimulate it to a manly rivalry with the kindred intellect of the country of our fathers.

But to return to the book from which we took our departure. We have read it with amusement and delight, and nothing remains but to present to our readers a few specimens from its varied pages. We are glad to see that our old friend, Gammer Gurton, is so well esteemed among the wits and scholars of England. A very large number of her immortal productions we find here learnedly rendered into the languages of Greece and Rome. We begin, — *ἐκ διὸς ἀρχόμεσθα*, — with one by no less a person than Richard Porson, — yes, the great Porson himself.

“ THE PARENTS’ WARNING.

“ THREE children sliding on the ice
 All on a summer’s day,
 As it fell out, they all fell in, —
 The rest they ran away.

“Now had these children been at school,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not all been drowned.

“You parents that have children dear,
And eke you that have none,
If you will have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

“GAMMER GURTON.

“VERSIO.

“Κρυσταλλοπήκτους τρίπτυχοι κόροι ῥοῶς
Ὡρα θέρους ψαίροντες εὐτάροισι ποσὶ,
Διναῖς ἔπιπτον, οἷα δὴ πίπτειν φιλεῖ,
Ἀπαντες· εἴτ’ ἔφευγον οἱ λελειμμένοι.
Ἄλλ’ εἴπερ ἦσαν ἐγκεκλισμένοι μοχλοῖς,
Ἦ ποσὶν ὀλισθάνοντες ἐν ξηρῷ πέδῳ,
Χρυσῶν ἂν ἠθελῆσα περιδόσθαι σταθμῶν,
Εἰ μὴ μέρος τι τῶν νέων ἐσώζετο.
Ἄλλ’ ὦ τοκεῖς, ὅσοις μὲν ὄντα τυγχάνει,
Ὅσοις δὲ μὴ, βλαστηματ’ εὐτέκνου σποράς,
Ἦν εὐτυχεῖς εὐχρησθε τὰς θυράζ’ ὁδοῦς
Τοῖς παισὶν, εὐ σφᾶς ἐν δόμοις φυλάσσετε. — R. P.”

— pp. 28, 29.

We find an acquaintance of our infancy, — “The Old Gentleman of Tobago,” clad in a Greek dress by Mr. Donaldson, a Fellow of Trinity College.

“THE OLD GENTLEMAN OF TOBAGO.

“THERE was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice gruel and sago ;
Till much to his bliss
His physician said this, —
‘To a leg, Sir, of mutton you may go.’

“GAMMER GURTON.

“SENEX TOBAGENSIS.

“Γέρων τις, οἰκῶν τοὺς Τοβαγίους μύχους,
Ἐδειπνοποιεῖ σαγινὴν δηρὸν τροφήν·
Τέλος δ’ ἱατρος εἶπε, χαρμονὴν κλύειν,
Φάγοις ἂν ἤδη πρόβατον, ὦ μάκαρ γέρον. — J. W. D.”

— pp. 16, 17.

The celebrated "Jack Horner" thus figures in Latin by the aid of Francis Hodgson, S. T. B.

"LITTLE JACK HORNER.

"LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And cried, 'What a good boy am I !'
"GAMMER GURTON.

"QUOD FECERIT IOANNES HORNER.

"ANGULUS in camera quam conspicis ille tenebat
Jampridem Hornerum puerili ætate sedentem ;
Atque ibi signarent cum Saturnalia brumam,
Ornarentque omnes bellaria mystica mensas,
Parvus Ioannes sacratum et dulce comedit
Artocreas, simplexque legens sibi pollice prunum
Aiebat placide, — 'Puerorum en optimus ipse !' — F. H."
— pp. 34, 35.

We give now something of a different character ; Shakespeare's "All the World's a Stage," translated into Latin hexameters, by Benjamin Heath Drury, A. B., one of the Masters of Harrow School.

"THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

"ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
And then the whining school-boy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,

With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.
 "SHAKSPEARE.

"FABULA VITÆ.

"Quo partes agimus, terra est commune theatrum,
 Scenæque factorum : instabiles eximus, inimus,
 Fabulæque in septem vitæ producitur actus.
 Principio in cunis vagit sine viribus infans,
 Nutricisque sinu vomit et lallare recusat.
 Inde puer querulus doctæ delubra Minervæ
 Suspensus dextra oculos, et lucidus ora,
 Incessu tardo adrepat ; tum tristis amator
 Fornacis ritu fervet, caræque puellæ
 Molle supercilium lugubri carmine laudat.
 Hinc bellator atrox, in jurgia promptus et audax,
 Jurans per loca mira, feræ barbatus ad instar,
 Vanum et inane decus vel in ipso limine mortis
 Quærit ovans, vitamque cupit pro laude pacisci !
 Proximus in scenam judex venit. Ille rotundo
 Ventre capit pullam, lautæque opsonia mensæ,
 Contractos torquens oculos, barbaque timendus ;
 Verbaque docta loqui solet, et nova promere facta ;
 Et sibi sic proprias partes agit. Inde senecta
 Vaccillans curva titubat, macilentus homellus,
 Laxa podagrosæ supponens tegmina plantæ ;
 Cui pera ad latus est, et vitrea lumina nasum ;
 Cui, bene servatus, jam major crure cothurnus.
 Tum lingua infringi, vox delirare virilis,
 Et fundi infantes balba de nare susurri.
 Ocius inde ætas succedit septima, — finis
 Portenti, extremus vitæ mobilis actus ;
 Claudicat ingenium, rediere obliviam rerum ;
 Gustus hebet, pereunt dentes, caligat ocellus ;
 Omnia deficiunt atque uno tempore desunt. — B. H. D."
 — pp. 90 - 93.

Among the most elegant pieces in the volume is a Latin version of that exquisite little poem of Simonides, "Danaë," which we give with the original.

“ DANAË.

“ Ὅτε λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλεῶν ἄνεμος
 Βρέμῃ πνέων, κινήθεῖσά τε λίμνα
 Δείματι ἤριπεν οὐδ’ ἀδιάνταισι
 Παρεΐαις, ἀμφὶ τε Περσεῖ βάλε
 Φιλὰν χεῖρα, εἵπέν τε ὦ τέκος
 Οἷον ἔχω πόνον· σὺ δ’ αἰώτεις γαλαθῆν’ τ’
 Ἥτορι κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ δώματι
 Χαλκεογόμφῳ δέ, νυκτιλαμπεῖ
 Κυανέῳ τε δνόφῳ. τὺ δ’ ἀνυαλέαν
 Ἔπερθε τεὰν κόμαν βαθείαν
 Παρίοντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις,
 Οὐδ’ ἀνέμων φθόγγων, πορφυρέα
 Κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.
 Εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τόγε δεινὸν ἦν,
 Καὶ κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτόν
 Ἔπειχες οὕας, κέλομαι, εὐδε βρέφος,
 Εὐδέτω δέ πόντος, εὐδέτω ἄμετρον κακόν.
 Μεταβουλία δέ τις φανείη,
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο ὅτι δὴ θαρσαλέον
 Ἔπος, εὐχομαι τεκνόφει δίκας σύγγνωθί μοι.

“ DANAË.

“ QUANDO insonaret sub trabe dædala
 Vis sæva ventorum, et pelagi palus
 Concussa suaderet timorem,
 Inque oculis premeretur humor,
 Fovit tenellum Persea brachiis
 Dixitque Mater : ‘ Me miseram, quibus
 Curis laboro ! tu sed æneis
 Vectibus implacidoque lecto,
 Mollissima ætas, sterneris, et gravem
 Carpis soporem : te pelagi premit
 Cœlique caligo ; sed ipse
 Immemori frueris quiete ;
 Quantum capillis immineant aquæ,
 Quantumque venti vis crepet, unice
 Securus : ut pulcher nitensque
 Purpureo recubas in ostro !
 Quod si timeres quæ mihi sunt metu,

Et lene consilium imbiberes meum,
 Dormi, juberem ; durmiunto
 Dura fugæ mala, dura ponti.
 Sic et benignus consilium pater
 Mutet refingens in melius, neque
 Hæc nolit ulcisci, precando
 Ni fuerim nimium molesta ! — C. M.”

— pp. 114, 115.

But we cannot keep long away from our venerable friend Gammer Gurton. Samuel Butler, the late learned bishop of Litchfield, has selected from that immortal lady's more than epic strains, the lines commemorating the exploits of that man so “wondrous wise,” who performed operations upon his own eyes, surpassing all that is now doing by the surgeons to cure the strabismus ; — and has rendered them into Greek Iambic trimeters, in a style worthy of his critical fame.

“THE MAN OF THESSALY.

“THERE was a man of Thessaly,
 And he was wondrous wise ;
 He jumped into a quickset hedge
 And scratched out both his eyes :
 And when he saw his eyes were out,
 With all his might and main
 He jumped into another hedge, —
 And scratched them in again.

“GAMMER GURTON.

“VIR THESSALICUS.

“Ἐξ οὐ τυχόντων Θέτταλός τις ἦν ἀνὴρ,
 Ὅς ἔργον ἐπεχείρησε τλημονέστατον ·
 Ἀκανθοχηροκοκκόβατον εἰσήλατο,
 Δίσσας τ' ἀνεξώρυσεν ὀφθαλμῶν κόρας.
 Ὡς οὖν τὰ πραχθέντ' ἔβλεπεν τυφλὸς γεγώς,
 Οὐ μὴν ὑπεπιτῆς οὐδέν, ἀλλ' εὐκαρδίως
 Βάτον τιν' ἄλλην ἤλατ' εἰς ἀκανθίνην,
 Καὶ τοῦδ' ἐγένετ' ἐξαυθις ἐκ τυφλοῦ βλέπων. — S. B.”
 — pp. 160, 161.

We are sorry to be informed, at this late day, that our venerable friend, whose honesty has been supposed beyond the reach of suspicion, had her little failings after all. It seems, from the learned researches of Edward Craven Hawtrey,

S. T. P., and Head Master of Eton School, that the much admired strain, beginning

“ Sing a song of sixpence,”

is a plagiarism, from a fragment of Athenæus, lately discovered. Now that the truth is known, — for plagiarism like murder will out, — we may as well confess, that we always had a lurking suspicion, that all was not right about the old lady and this piece. It has a certain air of antique simplicity, — and a certain indescribable something, which we always thought went a little beyond the genius even of Gammer Gurton. The original is in Trochaic Tetrameter Catalectic, — that ever the sly old soul should have dabbled in such musty learning ! We give the poem in both forms, and then, drop the veil of charity over her failings for ever.

“ SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye ;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie :
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing ;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the King ?

“ The King was in the parlour
Counting out his money ;
The Queen was in the kitchen
Eating bread and honey ;
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes ;
Down came a blackbird
And carried off her nose.

“ GAMMER, GURTON.

“ — περὶ δὲ τῶν κοσσύφων, ὡς ἐκ κριβάνων τοῖς δειπνοῦσι παρα-
τεθέντα ἔδουσι, περὶ δὲ τῶν στρουθίων, ὡς τῶν παιδισκῶν τὰς ῥίνας
καθιπτάμενα ἄρπαζει, τῶν κωμικῶν τις οὕτως γράφει ·

“ Ἰσμία νῦν τετρωβολαῖον, ἄδει, ἄνδρες δημόται,
Καννάβου τίς ἐστ’ ἐν οἴκῳ θύλακος ζεῶν πλέως,
Κοσσύφων δὲ κριβανιτῶν τετράδι’ ἕξ ἐν πέμμῃ ·
Πέμμη δ’ ὡς ἤνοιξε δαιτρός, ὡς ἔμελψαν κόσσυφοι ·
Οὐ τόδ’ ἦν ἔδεσμα δειπνοῖς τοῖς τυραννικοῖς πρέπον ;
Ἐν τρικλινίῳ τύραννος κολλυβίστης ἔζετο,

Ἐξείτ' ἀναβάδην τυράννη γ' ἄρτον ἦδε καὶ μέλι
 Ἦσθιεν· κόρη δ' ἐν αὐλαῖς ἐκρέμασε τὰ βύσσιννα,
 Νηπία· τέγους γὰρ εὐθὺ στρουθίον καθηλμένον
 Εἶτα θῖνα τῆς ταλαίνης ὥχετ' ἐν ῥύγχῳ φέρον."

— pp. 176, 177.

There is a beautiful Latin version of the Antistrophic choral ode in *Alcestis*, beginning *Ἐγὼ, καὶ διὰ Μόουσας*, by Mr. Drury the editor, and an excellent one of the "Burial of Sir John Moore," by James Hildyard, A. M., Fellow of Christ College, which we should be glad to transfer to these pages, but have not room for them. The last part of the volume is in a more serious strain, consisting mainly of religious poems and prayers, all translated with great beauty. But we must take leave of this agreeable collection of the gayeties and gravities of our learned brethren across the water. When will such a volume appear from an American University?

ART. II. — 1. *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians.* By GEORGE CATLIN. Written during Eight Years' Travel amongst the Wildest Tribes of Indians in North America in 1832, '33, '34, '35, '36, '37, '38, and '39. In 2 vols., 8vo., with 400 Illustrations, carefully engraved from his Original Paintings. pp. 264, 266. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

2. *American Antiquities and Researches into the Origin and History of the Red Race.* By ALEXANDER W. BRADFORD. New York: Dayton & Saxton. Boston: Saxton & Pierce. 8vo. pp. 435.

MR. CATLIN, whose work lies before us, went to the western country, some eight or ten years ago, as a portrait and landscape painter, with an ardent enthusiasm for the Indian character, and a keen eye for the beautiful and the picturesque. A native of the sylvan valley of the Wyoming, his early impressions appear to have been tinged with tales of the thrilling and tragic scenes of which that portion of Pennsylvania became so celebrated a theatre, during the American Revolution. But these, instead of creating preju-